# "CAPTAIN SCARLET'S" COAT.

AN ANECDOTE. (With which is also given for the first time an account of the robbery of the Man-chester mail. From the most authentic

Lord Stayneyard was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the upper house. He not only boasted the finest collection of cravats to be found in the kingdom, but he dealt faster than any man in White's. The gossips at St. James hinted that, had a certain minister held office but six months longer, he would as like as not have had the Buckhounds offered him. No doubt he would have refused them, because, as Charles Fox once said of him, Lord Stayneyard would be the last man alive who would wish to be of even nominal service to any government. However, at the time of which I write he was but two- be sure to send me a stupid book, mamma and-thirty and was exceedingly popular; not what one might call a coming man,

It was generally admitted that he had only done one wise thing in his life. He Master Curious, until the day. himself used to avow that this single sensible action counterbalanced a longish sequence of foolish ones. Under the heading the coat and both his pistols in the valise, "List of Marriages," the deed is recorded which he locked. in the pages of "The Gentleman's Magazine" of the year 1775: "June 2, Viscount very brilliant affair, and the following Stayneyard to Miss Seton," runs the brief morning, when the party reassembled

the chaplain and rector of Laughton. Her Dora Seton's diamonds were real or pastemother had been a niece of Lord Darecourt; and the outrageous behavior of Miss Betty so, though she brought her bushend no feet Sutton and young Droicey Flottott, who so, though she brought her husband no for- had taken the floor together somewhat tune, the match was nowhere considered a oftener than was thought conventionalmesalliance. All acknowledged her great significance when the news arrived of the beauty and charm of manner. In less than latest daring feat on the highway of that two seasons Stayneyard House, which has scoundrel "Captain Scarlet." long since disappeared, became the most

less formal than the Mavfair entertainment; as was natural where a round of covert-shooting, cards, foxhunting, dancing and theatricals were the chief pleasures.

Brighton preparing his Irish policy. Parliament would not meet before the end of music.

Letherby and the Misses Elizabeth and fused to accept the shillings of a rosy-Dorothea Sutton, the Lexingtons, the bishop and his good lady, Lord Edenmore, Sir John and Lady Marchington, Tommy Hurdiestone, Miss Goodchild, a host of others, and Mr. George Hawley. But on the 29th and 30th the guests had been admittedly a little dull, for that universal favorite, George Hawley, had been absent on a brief visit to an old friend of his living on the borders of Leicestershire. He was to return to Laughton on the 31st in order to be present at Lady Stayneyard's dance.

New Year's eve was that rare occurrence, a bye day with Mr. Hugo Meynell's pack. George Hawley sat drinking port in Squire Sheldon's oak parlor. It was close on 3 but had he not always held the cards? o'clock in the afternoon when he rose to go. The 'squire naturally protested at losing the finest company in the world and before they had touched on the Westminster Scruor even a second bottle had been had promised Lady Stayneyard very faithand there was, moreover, some likelihood of a fall of snow before night.

So he took his leave of the genial 'squire

and half an hour after sundown was within six miles of Laughton Park. He was riding quietly on the high road when suddenly a curious idea came across his mind. He felt a shade weary of the monotony of the fashionable life he had led at Laughton Park for nearly a week. The old strange eagerness for adventure possessed him. Quick as thought his mind was made up. Not a mile away, and approached by a desolate lane, were some disused farm buildings. In the thatching of the roof of one of these was hidden the famous scarlet coat, and his larger pistol was also there. He had not clapped eyes on his notorious property since he had taken a clear £100 of Colonel Brad- He found the book, and without pausing to ley one windy night three weeks back on the Ashbourne road. The recollection of his encounter with the distinguished sol- the snow-covered courtyard he saw little dier stirred him to immediate action. In blue-eyed Celia Stayne. In her hand was a a very few minutes, when it would be totally dark, he judged the Manchester mail

would come toiling up that hill. "Captain Scralet" should be there to meet it. With that unerring sense of localities which had been no small factor in making the man so successful, he reached the homestead. Here he dismounted and entered. Standing on one of the feeding troughs, he ran his hand between the thatching and a broad rafter. There, sure enough, he found the coat. It was of slik and unlined. Round the edge of the collar ran a narrow gold braid. Folded neatly it occupied a very small space. 'A little further along the rafter his hand struck the leather holster containing the horse pistol. This was wrapped round with hay, and was, he assured himself, perfectly un-Injured from exposure to damp. He loaded it carefully, as also the smaller weapon he carried with him where danger might chance to come. Though snow had not yet fallen the night was bitterly cold, and he decided not to wear the silk coat there and then in exchange for his riding coat, as was his usual custom, but to put it on at the last minute over the other, for the garment was made loose so as to admit of this arrangement. Then he strapped the holster to the saddle, Blouzelinda, his mare, waiting patiently all the while. He regretted greatly not having any false he would sing. were little makebeliefs, bandages in fact, which he had found very useful and misleading more than once of a dark evening; as when Mr. Sheriff Lounger had caused a handbill to be issued offering a reward to any person giving information as to the whereabouts of a suspicious-looking stranger riding a bay with three (if not four) white stockings; whereas Blouzelinda had not a single white hair in her body. But he decided with his usual complacency to make the best of things. Play ran rather high at Laughton, nor had he been having the best of luck at the card table, so if Fortune should smile on him, and send in his way a well-laden yet awestruck mall coach-why George Hawley would

probably prove equal to the occasion. And he did. I am of opinion that if the authorities at his Majesty's prison of Newgate, had ever had it in their power to publish a volume of the memoirs and adventures of the Hon. George Hawley, commonly known as "Captain Scarlet," the robbery of the Manchester mail on New Year's eve. 1784, would rank as his most daring and successful exploit. The very audacity of the man took the passengers (but five in number and three of them inside) by surprise.

"Coin of the realm, gentlemen," he said - "coin is all I ask. There is too much paste abroad, and too poor a market for it, for me to petition you, humbly, though per-"And I beg you to be quick," he went

on. "It blows (thank you) uncommon like snow. A paltry twenty guineas, not more, I'll warrant, in this light purse. Why, sir! vow I took you at first sight for Trade. A thousand apologies. Speed is everything. May '85 bring you luck, gentlemen, and this way again with fuller purses. But I detain you. Three of your horses are dying to be off, and the fourth is, I fear, already dead. Good evening. The off-wheeler lay in the roadway; "the

captain" had given the poor brute the right barrel the moment the coach had come within pistol-range. The others kicked and fidgeted, while the postboys and guard alternately trembled and swore. For all the dim light of the coach lamps, they had caught a glimpse of a man in a mask with a pistol, a resolute figure in red. In a twinkling they knew him for the notorious "Captain Scarlet," the talk and terror of

every tavern on the road. It had been the deuce of a long speech for him, for the passengers had been desperately slow. But he had looted them of near £250 between them, and now lost no time in galloping down a side lane. After a distance of nearly a mile he pulled up. He could hear no sound of pur-suit, and rightly judged that none had "Three!" said Horace. There was a click, suit, and rightly judged that none had been made. So he slipped the coins and notes into a small bag he carried. This he

placed in an inner pocket of his third walstcoat. Then he took off the coat, folding it neatly into as small a space as pessible, and placing it in one of the large sible, and placing it in one of the large outer pockets of his riding coat. The pistol and holster he put carefully into another

Snow had begun to fall, and for the life of him he could not call to mind any safe hiding place for his tell-tale coat and pistol nearer to hand than their original one-which he knew must now be fully two miles distant. It would be exceedingly taking the pistol from him. "You have discovered my secret."

What secret, Mr. Hawley. It have a sked.

"Why," said Mr. Hawley, and he was himself once more, "I wished it to be a surprise. I had a notion to sing a couple of songs in this costume, which I had made on purpose, at your entertainment this evening. Topical, you know. "Genhiding place for his tell-tale coat and pistol

On his immediate return the servants and tlemen all, in the name of the king,' and household would have to be aveided, but once alone in his own bedroom he could ce them in a leather valise, in which he kept locked certain papers, and to which he had never given his servants access.

ticular neighborhood and among the tenantry to be popular."

"How elever of you to think of much Mr. George Hawley arrived at Laughton

about 7 o'clock in the evening. The household was in a state of great excitement, preparing for the ball, at which it was expected the duke and duchess and their party would be present. Hawley entered use unobserved, passing from the stables through the servants' quarter. On the great staircase, as ill-luck would have at you it, whom should he meet but little Horace Stayne. He was a curly-headed child of seven, and with him Mr. Hawley was, as always with children, a vast favorite. "Where have you been, Mr. Hawley?" the child questioned. "It has been oh ever

so duil without you! No one tells me stories of highwaymen or London, and papa and the gentlemen would not let me go shooting with them to-day. Only two days," he went on, "and then it will be my birthday, and though Aunt Lauder will is going to give me a real pony of my own. What have you got in there?" he asked suddenly, running his hand over the outside for the truth was that he had always been of the bulging pocket of Hawley's coat. "Ah, Horace, my boy!" he answered, with fatal readiness, "that's a birthday present for you, but you shall not see it, At last he made his escape from his

little frined, and, dismissing his valet on some pretext or other, carefully stowed Notwithstanding a heavy fall of snow, Lady Stayneyard's New Year's ball was a

formed the subject of many pleasant recol-Miss Myrtilla Seton was the daughter of lections and much criticism. But the appearance of the duchess-whether Lady

The bishop made the matter the excuse for a learned and very eloquent discourse popular rendezvous in the fashionable upon the iniquity of poverty. My Lord laughed considerably, contradicted the The parties at Laughton were somewhat bisnop with great ingentity, and impudence. Miss Goodchild, a daughter of the most distinguished hanging judge on the circuit, had it from a friend that "Captain Scarlet" was the handsomest, politest It was the close of '84. Mr. Pitt was at Mr. George Hawley, in his gravely courgentleman in the world, a statement which

teous manner, begged leave to doubt. The whole treatment of the affair interthe following January. At Laughton Park | to himself at the gradual embellishment or ested Hawley beyond measure. He smiled were assembled a number of guests for the the story. At noon the daring villain nad new year. On the eve of it there was to snot a wheeler and a postory was assessed be a dance, and on New Year's day a theat- at £600, and guineas, and a quantity of diarical entertainment, varied with songs and | monds, with the near leader thrown in. An hour later-and Mr. Hawley's own inven-The company included the Dowager Lady addition-the gallant of the road had recheeked milkmaid, and had taken a kiss in

Horace, you may be sure, was not the least enthusiastic listener to these rumors. Those delightful hours spent with Mr. Hawley in the library had stimulated his interest in robberies on the highway, and he recounted the doings of the mysterious 'Captain"-the great "Scarlet"-with vast

admiration and enjoyment. It wanted but a short time of the dinner hour. Lady Stayneyard and Hawley were alone in one of the drawing rooms. She had been loud in her censure of crime on the road. It was so cowardly, she held. This man they called "Scarlet," had he never been really face to face with danger? She dared venture to maintain that at heart "Captain Scarlet" was a bully and a coward. Men talked randomly of his courage, "Would not 'Captain Scarlet' face death bravely?" he asked.

"It is only the good who dare die," she answered. At that he was silent. Presently he looked up and said gravely: "You speak as cracked. But Hawley was very firm. He though it would be noble of a bad man to meet death fearlessly. Do you believe that? fully to return in time for her dance. There I blame none for acknowledging their lay at least a twelve-mile ride before him, But how serious we have grown! I sit preaching here for all the world as if I knew something of these great subjects. life and honor, and even death. Play me something and forgive me.'

Lady Stayneyard turned to the harpsichord, an instrument on which she boasted an admirable proficiency. A gavotte of Gluck's set Mr. Hawley in mind of a volume by a young and little-known composer -a Mr. Mozart. He had brought the book with him as a present to his hostess. If she would excuse him for a moment he would bring the gift to her. The music, he recollected, was in his bed

chamber in the locked valise. While he was searching for it he caught the unmistakable sound of a snowball striking the window of the dressing room adjoining. lock the valise went to the dressing-room window. This he flung open. Outside in second snowball, which, with marvelous accuracy for a child of eight, she aimed at Hawley. In a moment Mr. Hawley replied collecting the snow from the window sill. and a brief battle ensued. In no time, however, his ammunition ran out and he with-

"Ah, you coward, Mr. Hawley!" he heard her calling: "come downe and fight it out." As he passed through his bedroom he caught sight of the valise, lying shut, apparently exactly as he had left it, with the keys in the lock, and he turned the key without opening it. Little did he think that in so short a space of time Master Horace had been there, curiously searching for the birthday present he had so feelishly mentioned to him. This the child had not found, but a pistol and a wonderful scarlet coat had instantly struck his fancy, and, calmly extracting these from their hiding place, he had slipped out of the

room with them. Mr. Hawley returned to the drawing Lady Stayneyard was not there. The room was quite empty. On her ladyship's escritoire lay the programme of the concert for that evening. It was written in a fine, clear hand, and inscribed with many curls and flourishes. He read twice, "Song -Mr. George Hawley," and he tried to make up his mind which of his favorites

He was softly humming to himself the opening bars of a ballad to a setting by Purcell, when through the open doorway he heard Lady Stayneyard's voice. "Mr Hawley, Mr. Hawley!" she creid. "Help! I am attacked! There was no distress whatever in the

one, but for all that in a moment Hawley was at the foot of the staircase from whence he fancied the cry came. Here a curious sight met him. Four steps from the top of the flight, leaning against the wall just under the famous Laughton stood Lady Stayneyard, with a look of the greatest amusement in her eyes. But on the landing at the top of the winter sunlight, through the great west window, showed Hawley a figure which, for a moment, made him feel almost faint. There stood little fair-faced Horace, dressed in a faded scarlet coat which

trailed on the ground and over his face he wore the crape mask he had found in the pocket of it. Hawler recognized the coat in a flash, though it was many months since he had seen it by daylight, and he set himself down for lost.

"In the King's name you will deliver to Captain Scarlet!" cried Horace to his mother, not noticing Hawley's presence. And with that he raised a cocked pistol-Hawley's smaller weapon-and pointed it at his mother, who, with well-assumed fright. was fumbling in the pocket of her dress. Hawley saw the danger at once. The pistol, he remembered, was loaded. As like as not this child would kill his mother as she

stood there laughing at him. With this recollection came to him that strange mental clearness and sense of strength which the sight of danger always provoked in him, and a recklessness that was somewhat more unusual. Quick as thought he shouted, "Captain Scarlet, by your leave I am here to defend this fady. You will shoot me first. And he raised his right hand, pointing the forefinger at Horace and snapping the others in a make-believe pistol fashion. Instantly the action had the desired ef-

fect. Horace, noticing Mr. Hawley for the first time, turned the barrell full on him. "I wait for no man," cried the little boy, "unless mamma hands me her jewels. I shall count three and fire. The inartistic lapse of "mamma" for "this lady" did not, you may be sure, escape George Hawley. In the seconds which followed, his grave eyes for a moment met those of Lady Stayneyard. With a faint shade of irritation he noted that she smiled a little, How slowly Horace counted. At

"two." Lady Stayneyard held her hands to her ears. A cold sense of calm, almost and he knew that the pistol had flashed in the pan. He thought how unlike the great Almost like a real one." "I found them in Mr. Hawley's"-the

But Hawley cut him short. "You little rascal." he cried, seizing him by the arm and quickly taking the pistol from him.

'What, ho there! my gallant spark!' style of affair. They would not fail in this par-

"How clever of you to think of such a splendid idea!" "Captain Scarlet is the rage, and in all men's minds.' "And you will do it quite admirably, too," Lady Stayneyard continued, greatly pleased with the idea. "Why, Mr. Hawley you are a born actor. I vow you went a shade paler when Horace pointed his pistol

"Really," said Hawley, smiling. "I sup-pose it was the recollection of the horrible things you told me of your local ter-What a heartless ruffian he is, and how merciless!" "Fate send we may never meet him," she

said, with a little shudder. "He would not harm you for the world. "Because we have the rascal now." explained, somewhat illogically, holding Horace by the collar of the coat. "But we will be lenient with him, and pass sentence on him that he keep our secret until this evening, and in the meantime be compelled to listen to a rehearsal of my songs. It will be a great trial for him, I assure you. Shall we come to the music room? So they divested Horace of the coat and mask, and carried him a captive to the rehearsal.

Lady Stayneyard's entertainment was, as usual. a vast success. Mr. Hurdlestone sang "When to Her Lute Corrinna Sings" with much taste, and Miss Dorothea Sutton's execution on the harp was greatly admired. But the event of the evening was undoubtedly the appearance of Mr. George Hawley as "Captain Scarlet." His second song, of which one verse ran: What ho! The ruddy guinea clinks; ' A cry! A pistol crack! Your gallant loves the dark, methinks,

With Bow street on his track. The shadows creep; the world's asleep, was almost universally popular. Miss Goodchild, however, vowed Mr Hawley was not near so handsome as the real Captain Scarlet; and the critics were unanimous in agreeing that, though the performance was very spirited, the coat was scarcely of the correct shade.

#### -Arthur Stuart, in Temple Bar. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

In Spain a carpenter, by working ten hours a day, makes \$3.90 a week. The largest State of Mexico is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles. If all the States were as populous as Massachusetts their aggregate population would be 1,118,045,000.

A pin-making machine turns out 8,000 an hour and some factories have as many as thirty or forty machines at work at one

The greatest tax-payer is tobacco. In the last twenty-seven years this product has paid a tribute of \$1,000,000,000 to Uncle Sam The increase in the population of France

annual average of .07 per cent. of its population. One hundred dollars is now the penalty all offenders against cleanliness and de cency must pay for spitting in the streetcars of Boston.

For the eleven months of 1895 of which there is a published statement, the State of South Carolina purchased, for sale among its people, over 350,000 gallons of liquor. A wealthy gentleman in Vienna stipulated in his will that an electric light must be

constantly burning in his tomb, and another inside his coffin for twelve months after his death. When a graduate of Cambridge University, England, commits a crime the authorities of the university take his degree from him and strike his name from the

rolls of the alumni.

A New York clergyman who recently conducted a Sunday morning service on Blackwell's island learned that there are at present fifteen college graduates wearing the stripes" in that penitentlary. In Ceylon all jungle land above five thou-

sand feet is held by the government, who refuse to sell it at any price, on the ground that were the jungle to be cleared off it would tend to greatly reduce the rainfall. The largest orchard in Great Britain is at Tottington, in the county of Gloucester It is 500 acres in extent, and in some seaons yields its owner. Lord Sudley, a profit \$50,000. The trees are chiefly apples and The first cargo of corn shipped to India

is being taken to Bombay on the German steamship Remus, from Philadelphia. The grain, purchased by the British governmen or seeding purposes, con. lats of 140.00. In one prohibition county in Maryland

liquor is sold on the "postoffice" plan. A room is fitted up with boxes, and each renter finds a drink in his box when he wants t, the supposition being that he leaves the price thereof in the box. It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest o supply crossties for the railroads of the

ly the demand, for which the contractors get on an average 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5,250,000. Cremation does not seem to be making much headway in Scotland. At the annual meeting of the Scottish Burial Reform and Cremation Society in Glasgow it was statd that only eight bodies had been incinerated during the past year.

nited States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to sup-

The Lagong bridge, built over an arm of the China sea, is five miles long, with three hundred arches of stone, seventy feet high and seventy feet broad, each pillar supporting a marble lion twenty-one feet in length. The cost of the bridge is unknown.

A rather unexpected place from which to receive an order for a searchlight is Siam vet it is stated by the Electrical Review that an order from Singapore for a fourteen-inch projector has been placed in this country by one of the darky kings of Borneo.

The Arkansas State Burning Board had a big bonfire the other day in the rear of the State treasurer's office. Nearly \$5,000,000 o anceled bonds, with coupons attached mounting to nearly as much, all of which had been redeemed by the State, were

cheduled and burned. Damage suits aggregating \$350,000 are now pending against Kansas City, and of these an aggregate of \$300,000 are for personal infuries arising from defective sidewalks. And that the evil is an increasing one shown by the further fact that claims o \$15,0,000 have accumulated since Aug. 22 last. Marguerite Evelyn Yost is a fourteenmonth-old miss of Reading, Pa., who re-joices in the rather unique distinction of having four great grandmothers living. But one of these great grandmothers wears spectacles, and all live within a short distance of the home of this presumably weilcoddled miss.

Nestled among the fierce monarchies of Europe are several quiet little republica that enjoy the blessing of free government The republic of St. Martin has 8,000 inhall itants; Andorra, 6.000; Moresnet, the small est of all, on the frontier between Germany and Belgium, 1,200 inhabitants, who carry on important industries.

The California papers refuse to get excited over the transmission of electricity from Niagara Falls to Buffalo. They say that over two years ago electrical energy was thus transferred from Folsom to Sacramento, a considerably longer distance, and that it has been in successful use on large scale ever since. There has just been discovered at Susa, in

Tunisia, a well-preserved mosaic, the central figure of which is believed to be a portrait of Virgii. Clad in a white toga bordered with blue, the poet is represente as reading from a papyrus, which shows lines from the Aenid, to the muses of History and Tragedy, which stand on either

It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a nonmalarial district it will not produce quinine It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of this tree,

## A WELCOME PHENOMENON.

A Vision Which Revived the Sinking Spirits of a Man Away from Home. Washington Star. "Just got back from New York," said the man who takes an interest in other people's

business "Yes," replied the easy-going friend. "Great town, that." "Yes. It's interesting. "I suppose you saw all the sights."

"Oh. yes. I took in Central Park and the Brooklyn bridge and the Stock Exchange and the Bowery and the rest of the usual exhibits.' "They're great people for business over "They seem to be. Everybody is going with a rush.

"What impressed you most?" "I think I was most struck by a dachs hund that I saw trudging calmly up the street at the busiest time of the day. You know the animal. He looks as if nature had started in to make a lizard, and, finding that he was growing too big, had turned him into a dog. His body doesn't stand more that five or six inches from the ground and his paws look like the flippers on a seal. He's the most extraordinary anatomical specimen I know of-"But you surely don't mean to say you hadn't seen a dachshund before." "Oh, I've seen the animal many a time.
It was the environment that made him interesting. He was the only creature I met there who looked as if he hadn't been havOFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

On a Colonial Pleture. Out of the dusk stepped down . Young Beauty on the stair; What need or April in the town When Dolly took the air?

Lilac the color there, So all in lilac she; Her kerenief hid from maids and men

What was too white to see, Good Stuart folk her kin. And bred in Essex vales;

One looked her happy eyes within, And heard the nightingales. When Dolly took the air. Each lad that happened near. Forgetting all save she was fair,

It was the end o' Lent. The crocus lit the square: With wavering green the bough was bent When Dolly tock the air.

Long since the weather sped. Yet yonder on the wall Her portrait holds a faded shred, Some scrap of it in thrall

Turned English cavalier.

The New World claims the skies, Although the Old prevails: We look into her happy eyes And hear the nightingales. Staid lilac is her gown, and vellow gleams her hair;

The ghost of April is in town. When Dolly takes the air -Lizette Woodworth Reese. A Human Soul. A wise man walked by the river. And the water spirit's sigh

As she yearned for a soul, it moved him,

And he answered thus her cry; "Can you smile when your heart is aching? Remember when others forget? Laugh light, while hope is taking Its final farewell of you; yet Meet the world, and strive on to the ending Of life, he it ever so dread; Firm in faith, without falter, unbending With never a sigh or a tear?"

"As this I can do," said she. "Can you face your life if left lonely, While another has gained his rest, And you have the memory only Of one who was truest and best? For ever to you the world's brightness Then passes away for aye; The sun will grow cold and no lightness Can pierce through that darkest day."

An this I can do." said she "Can you pause to do deeds of kindness In the midst of your deenest woe? To the trials of others below. You must ever strive on, and your sorrow, Though beavy and sore to bear.

Remains till the dawn of that morrow, When pain it is no more there."
"All this I can do," said she. Made answer the wise man slowly. "If this be so, and thou Canst hear grief, yet help the suffering, Thou hast a soul even now.'

-Florence Peacock, in Chambers's Journal. Love and Sorrow. Love and sorrow met in May. Crowned with rue and hawthorn spray. And Sorrow stilled. Scare a bird of all the Spring

And scare a child. Love put forth his hand to take Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake, Her crown of rue. Sorrow cast before her down Even for love's sake Love's own crown,

Durst between them pass and sing,

Crowned with dew. Winter breathed again, and Spring Cowered and shrank with wounded wing Down out of sight. May, with all her loves laid low, Saw no flowers but flowers of snow That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head Smiling down on Springtime dead. Sorrow, like a cloud that flies, Like a cloud in clearing skies, Passed away.

-A. C. Swinburne. Love's Carefulness. Unto myself I am grown dear, Being dear to you And fearful with a double fear in all I do. Lest that some evil chance should prove Ruin of that poor thing you love.

O this woman will love her girl And that her boy! I keep not even the golden curl Of our dead joy; Now both my loves in one are given Ever to you who make my heaven. If all our palaces were dust

Blown on the wind. might some other woman trust To be as kind, To love as well as I-but then What love could bid you love again? O generous giver, who hast given Once and for aye, For life and death, for earth and heaven, As for to-day,

I love myself because you hold Every hair of my head as gold.

-Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Winter Sleep. know it must be winter (though I sleep)know it must be winter, for I dream; I dip my bare feet in the running stream. And flowers are many, and the grass grows deep. know i must be old (how age deceives)know I must be old, for, all unseen,

My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow When late rains patter on the falling sheaves. I know I must be tired (and tired souls err)know I must be tired, for all my soul To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint roll, as storms the river pine to music stir.

know I must be dying (death draws near)know I must be dying, for I crave life-life, strong life, and think not of the grave And turf-bound silence, in the frosty year. -Edith M. Thomas.

A Last Word. "All roadways," said the Roman pride, "All roadways lead to Rome: Perchance, howe'er men's paths divide, At last they bring them home.

I have not known of mortal mold A wretch so fell and grim But when the story all was told I needs must weep with him. Time takes my strength, but gives my pen se and scope

I view the heaven-swayed lives of men With endless trust and hope. No more I label, sort, define

God's dealings deep and dread; I raise to heaven these eyes of mine, And all my creed is said. -Frederick Longbridge. Wife and Child. My wife, my child, come close to me; The world we know is a stormy sea; With your hands in mine, if your eyes but shine, care not how wild the storms may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew Is nothing to me if I shelter you: No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back Sings down to my heart, "Man bold and true!" A pleasant sail, my child, my wife, O'er a pleasant sea to many is life;

The wind blows warm, and they fear no storm, And wherever they go kind friends are rife, But, wife and child, the love, the love That lifteth us to the saints above. Could only have grown where storms have blown, The truth and strength of the heart to prove. -Ernest Jones.

To-Morrow. light is our sorrow, for it ends to-morrow, Light is our death which cannot hold us fast: to brief a sorrow can be scarcely sorrow, Or death be death so quickly past. one right, no more, of pain that turns to pleas-

One might, no more, of weeping, weeping sore; And then the heaped-up measure beyond measure, In quietness forevermore. our sales are set to cross the tossing river. Our face is set to reach Jerusalem; We toil awhile, but then we rest forever,

Sing with all saints and rest above with them.

-Christina Rossetti. O, the sunny, summer days, When the ripples dance and quiver; And the sun at noontide lays

Star-like jewels on the river! Take your shoes off; wade in here Where the water's warm and clear. Listen to the song it sings. Ever rippling, ever flowing; Telling of a thousand things, Whence it comes, and whither going; Singing, like the birds and bees,

Of the wondrous world it sees.

-Gabriel Setoun. Life. A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in. A minute to smile and an hour to weep in, A pint of joy to a peck of trouble.

And never a laugh but the means come double; And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh And joy seems sweeter when cares come after, And a moan is the finest of folls for laughter; And that is life! -Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Tree Planting in Cities.

Philadelphia Record. New York city has a tree-planting asso-ciation, the objects of which are to beau-

trict. The objects in view are so desirable, whether considered from the aesthetic or the sanitary standpoint, that the New York movement is worthy of imitation in all our cities. It is to be born in mind, however, that the trees which were wont to flourish under the urban conditions of even a decade ago might not thrive under present conditions as to street paving, by which an adequate supply of moisture is shut out from their roots, and while thus debarred from getting their liquid nourishment they are at the same time being shut off in increasing measure from the needed sun-shine by the multiplication of sky-scraping

edifices. These adverse conditions are of such comparatively recent origin that there are few who can say authoritively what shall be done to make the tree planting in cities a success and what trees would be most suitable for the purpose. It is likely that the New York association will ask a committee of experts for light upon the subject, and the information thus obtained should be of universal value. In the absence of some such knowledge it would probably be unwise to undertake any extended work of tree planting in cities, but with such information there is no reason why all our highways might not be made more beautiful and healthful. appara us and

### HUMOR OF THE DAY. Just the Thing.

Brooklyn Life. "I don't know what to do with my boy, he hates to read so.' "Why not make a book reviewer of him?

Misunderstood.

St. Paul's. Mistress (to applicant for situation)-Are you accustomed to flats? Applicant (from country)-No. mum. come from the hilly parts.

Dignity. Comic Cuts. Fifth Form Boy-Please, I want a pair of gloves. Gentlemen's Outfitter-Kid gloves? Fifth Form Boy-No. no. Gloves for

How It Happens.

grown-up people.

Judge. Poots (meditatively)-After all, there ! as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. Grimshaw-Yes, and very much better. The biggest ones always get away, you

After the Repast. New York Tribune.

First Cannibal-I wonder what was the rank of that clergyman. Second Ditto (smacking his lips)-I don't know, but I should say he was a prime minister.

Too Circumscribed.

Judge. Wandering Willie-It on'y commands man not ter work on de seventh day.

His Plea. Puck. medicinal purposes. They're very strict in Stranger-Couldn't I get some whisky for a pain? This town gives me one.

Her Sad Face. Spare Moments.

Mr. De Rich-What a sad, sweet face Miss Psyche has. She never smiles. She must have met with some great loss. Miss Desmart-Yes, she was in a railway accident some weeks ago, and she lost a front tooth.

Art.

Puck. Customer-Your sign says you are a tonsorial artist. Barber-Yes, sir. Customer (contemplating gashes in his face)—Don't you think you ought also to specify that you are an impressionist?

What He Meant. Puck. Mr. Johnson-I seed George wearin' one

ob dem negligee shirts. Mr. Black-What yo' mean by er negligee Mr. Johnson-One what habn't been washed fo' t'ree weeks. Chicago Grammar. Harlem Life.

Chicago Literary Society. "Brung?" asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle corrective tone.

"I should have brung my umbrella," re-

marked Mrs. Livewayte, a member of the

"How stupid of me. Of course, I meant brang. The Result. Judge. Sally Gay-We girls of the Byron coterie discussed "Childe Harold" last night. Dolly Swift-What conclusion did reach'

bate we unanimously decided that a chap-eron is not a necessary adjunct to a bi-

cycle.

Sally Gay-Why, after a two hours' de-

Insulted. Boston Courier. "DIADEM" PATENT FLOUR ..... For Sale by All Grocers. Guaranteed. As she jumped from her bike, dusting her boots with the spray of golden rod, she exclaimed, "I have wheeled more than sixty miles since dinner; what do you think of "Great feat," he surprisingly ejaculated "Sir!" she almost hissed, and turned away

with malign hauteur; nor has she spoken to him since. In the Stock Exchange Gallery.

New York Tribune. Miss Lawman-I should think the poor men would get tired of standing up all Miss Frappe-They can't afford to si down, I suppose. Miss Lawman-Why, what do you mean? Miss Frappe-I read in the papers that a seat in the Stock Exchange costs \$18,000.

DOES GOLD GROW? Some Veteran Miners Who Pretend to Believe that It Does.

Butte Inter-Mountain. They were all weather-beaten trail blazers who had led the march of civilization into the mountains, and as they toasted their shins by the big stove in Lon Pickett's hotel bar at Melrose their conversation wandered from the recent election and the departed glories of other days to the latest discoveries in science. John Helehan had just finished reading from a mining journal about Professor Emmons's discovery of the method of transmuting silver into gold. "I think Emmons is a humbug," said old Judge Longly, a California argonaut. old alchemists, you know, tried that, but they might as well have tried to make an apple seed. Nature holds the germ, and all the scientists who imitate her can do is to quicken its growth.' "I've heard tell of gold growing," marked Will Robbins. "So have I," said the judge, "but you have never seen it grow, have you? I don't

believe all the yarns these experts spin,

"Boys," spoke up John Treanor, "perhaps

anyhow.

I have got some queer old notions stowed away under this diggin' hat of mine, but for thirty years, man and boy. I've been a prospector, and I have been doin' some thinking. And I tell you now that I be-lieve gold does grow. Twenty years ago I struck the Locust and rank a shaft. It was silver ore, and after diggin' for awhile I gave it up in disgust. Then I wandered over to the other side of the range and located the Banner, a copper mine now in the possession of the Anaconda Company. I moseyed around for awhile, and eight years ago I went back to my old love, the Locust. Hang me if I could believe my eyes, boys, when I found the prettiest ledge of gold ore right where the silver ledge was. It was as pretty as a picture, and I kept right on diggin' and have been diggin' in that hole ever since. It seemed to me that in the places where the water struck it, it grew richer. I run in three tunnels at the bottom, but found the gold was not yet ripe, so I just closed up the tunnels and let them rest for a few years." "Blame me if I don't think Hank Stebbins does the same thing," said Jack Flice.
"Hank lives up in Soap Gulch, and has a claim he calls the Belcher. He discovered Indians with. It is a funny formation for that part of the country. It is on a reef of sand lying between the lime formation for that bern between the lime formation for the lime for the lime formation for the lime formation for th that borders on the Melrose valley and that stratified gneiss formation that runs from that point to the base of Red mountain. Thirty years ago Hank discovered that there were globules of silver in the sand and located it, but there wasn't enough mineral to pay and he abandoned it. Ten years ago he went back to the old mine and began turning over the sand. He began to find chunks of gold instead of silver. He has a good thing of it now. He mines it like the Mexicans used to mine it years ago. He cuts stairs in the sand and takes the rock up in a candle box and sorts it over. Now all he has got to do when he wants to make a stake is to go down to ciation, the objects of which are to beautify the city and improve the atmosphere by furthering the work of systematic tree planting in all streets and avenues, the actual work of enlisting the co-operation of householders in the project being left to auxiliary clubs to be organized in every dis-

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